



KING CHARLES HIS BIRTHRIGHT.

ECCLESIASTES X. XVII.

*Blessed art thou O Land, when thy KING is
the Sonne of Nobles.*

By P. M. Gentleman.

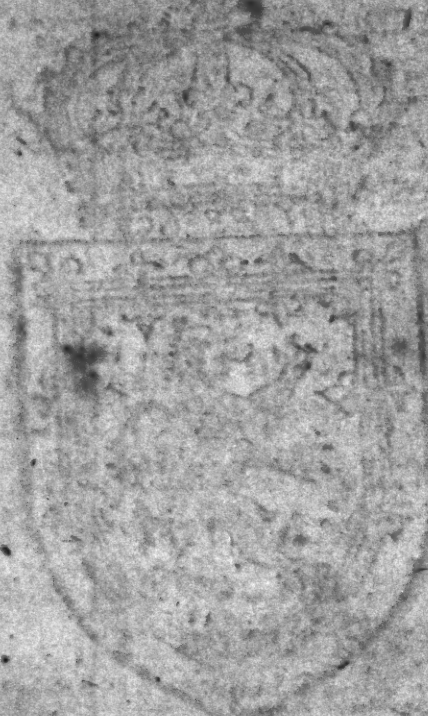
K. M., P. Gent.



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CHARLES
HIS BRIGHTNESS



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KING CHARLES HIS BIRTHRIGHT

ECCLESIASTES X. XVII.

*Blessed art thou O Land, when thy KING is
the Sonne of Nobles.*

IS any Land or any clyme,
More blest then *Britane* at this tyme?
What Monarch or what Sovereigne,
That dwels vpon this earthly maine,
May with our matchlesse CHARLES compare,
Britane, France, and Irelands heire?
By HENRIE, LIZA, peacefull IAMES,
Borne heire to foure faire Diadames:
First to the Roses whyte and red,
Next to the Lillie sprung and spred,
Then to the Lyon fierce and sharpe,
And to *Apollo's* golden Harpe:
The true borne Sonne of Kings before,
Aboue an hundreth seven and more:
The blest effects which his raigne brings,
Prompts him to bee the Sonne of Kings:
A mortall God, a Prince diuine,
By lyne, law, lot, the Heavens propyne:
A peirlesse Prince, who from his youth,
Hath ever lovde the sacred trueth.
What gifts belongs to those that's crownde,
But in his Majestic is found,

King CHARLES his Birthright,

Hee faith defends by his great might,
Hee represents GODS Image right:
Hee favours peace with friend and foe,
Hee can all veterate wrath forgoe:
If neede requyre hee can prepare,
Most prudently for lawfull Warre:
Or foes envyes our blest estate,
To haue a King chaste temperat,
Who being young wee joy to tell,
Proues father to the Common well,
Who wisely but all friends respect,
Can learch out sinnes and sinnes correct:
Who lives a life of good report,
Example to the common sort,
Who is a terror to the Thiefe,
And to the good a strong reliefe,
Who hath a heart stout and compleet,
Prepard all dangers for to meet:
Who hath reformde the civill Lawes,
For equitie and justice cause,
No ydle mumbling Papists prayers,
Nor yet no bloody Iesuit ayers,
No false Arminian, Brunist breath,
Dare echoed bee within His earth.
To publicke offices and charges,
Hee onely prefers and inlarges:
The honest, vertuous, and the good,
Not respecting wealth or blood:
Hee hath a princely prudent care,
O're Orphans poore, and Widows bare:
But heere are gifts which farre exceeds,
And farre surpasses vulgar heads:
Hee can securely in effect,
Walke wisely on the Dragons neck,

King CHARLES his Birthright.

Most safely hee can see and heare,
A Crocodile to spend a teare,
The Basilicks enchanting eye,
● Can no more harme him than a flie,
Hee makes the Lambe (simpatie rare)
Hard by the Wolfe to sleepe but feare:
The subtile Fox if hee forbid,
Dare not approach the harmelesse kid.
These gifts superlatiue and more,
His Princely wisdom doth decore,
And seeke him *extra*, you shall see,
A Paragone but paritie.
For why his life defiance throes
At enuyes face, and all his foes:
Can any *Naboth* plaine hee wants,
His Vine-yard for his fruitfull plants:
Or can *Vriah* say hee dyes,
Because the King his wife espyes:
Or can the people or *CHRIST*'s flocke,
Complaine of *Sal'mons* heauie yocke:
Can any curre-mouthd Mastiue say,
(That barks vpon the world this day)
Say but his Soule doth still commence,
Peace and Religions defence,
And if subsidies bee concluded,
Its for those holy ends obtruded:
Since Kings are Gods how dare yee then,
Lyke *Rabshaka's*, *Senacheribs* men:
Presume to raile, reproach, or breath,
Against the Godhead of their earth:
Dare any in a thought abhord,
Curse this Anoynted of the *LORD*.
Or blame this King whom reallie,
The Bards and Sybils prophetic:

King CHARLES his Birthright.

To bee that Prince whose happie starres,
Presages to appease all warres:
That true borne King, of whom of old,
The Ancient Prophets have foretold,
Of whom the Rymers in their verses,
Most happie events thus reherſes:
That howſoeuer fortune fall,
The Lyon shall bee Lord of all,
This Princely Lyon and this Lord,
Shall with this Lillie make concord:
That Syce shall vp and Sinke shall vnder,
The dead shall rise and worke great wonder:
This Lyon shall bee King and Prince,
Of vncouth coaſts farre, farre from hence,
And of a waſte and deſart ground,
A continent not fully found:
Where hudge great wilderneſſe doth lye,
Thither his Colonies muſt hye:
To baniſh *Zoroaſtes* hence,
With *Molech*, *Circe*, and her Prince:
And when *Appollyon* and his Aries,
Are ſkipped over *Carons* Ferries:
Then ſhall hee builde to the true GOD,
Temples to praife his Name abroad,
And bring ſweete *Shiloh* to that ſhore,
Where *Abbadon* did dwell before.

¶ O Royall King thou art that Hee
Whom theſe predictions ſpecifie:
Thou art that King and true borne *Cesar*,
Our greateſt hap and hyeſt pleaſure,
Britanes bleſſe, and *Europs* jewell,
Our Palladium, foode, and fewell:
GODS minion, and our onely loue,
Next to the King of Kings aboue:

King CHARLES his Birthright,
Our guard, our watch, which still awakes
Intoyle and travell for our sakes.
Then come (Blest KING) with great renowne,
Receave your great grand Fathers Crowne:
Your birthright Crowne that did suppress,
The roaring Romans hardinesse:
That Virgin Scepter singularie,
Never as yet made tributarie:
Your owne true Crowne (Great Sir) I meane,
Your old *Fergusian* diadame:
Except this Crowne that Crowne was never,
That did remaine vnconquerd ever:
The Monarchs foure so much renownde,
Were all most odiously decrownde:
The Lyon with the Eagles wings,
(I meane the stout *Assirian* Kings)
Was by the barbarous Boare beate downe,
Which signifies the *Persian* Crowne:
The Leopard, the *Grecian* svey,
Did beate the mightie Boare away:
And then this Meteor *Grecian* might,
But lasted like a lightning bright:
The fearefull Beast with many teath,
Which doth poynt out the Romans wrath,
Though this Empyre continued longest,
Yet it was broke even at the strongest:
Proud *Spaine* were all but slaves of late,
Vnto the great *Cesarean* state,
And *Cesar* was a slaue beside,
To *Gregorie* for all his pryde:
France hath thryse exchange the lyne,
Within nyne hundreth yeares and nyne:
The Popes head ay an heirelesse crowne,
A birthright for some bastard clowne:

King CHARLES his Birthright

The faithlesse, gracelesse, Ottoman,
Was tributar to *Tamerlan*,
To *Scanderbeg*, and *Godfrey* stout,
And to the Christian Kings about:
And let mee speake this but offence,
(With all submissiue reverence)
The Crowne of *Iudah* did remaine,
A captiue long in base disdaine:
But your braue Caledonian Crowne,
Beares this cognifance of renowne,
An hundreth and seven Princes faire,
Leaves this vnconquish to their heire:
And of this flocke, foure score and ten,
Were Christian Kings and holy men:
Let any Nation in the World,
Vaunt in this manner vncontrould:
For let the *Scythian* Crowne contend,
Or *Egypt* for her age defend,
Compard with our antiquitie,
They both are but a noveltie.

¶ Great King this Crowne and wee are yours,
And you alone art onely ours:
Your Princely Parents were our Kings,
And wee their faithfull vnderlings:
What night watches, and dayes travells,
What forraine feede, and homebred quarrells,
What warres, what dangers, toyle and paine,
They had for vs and wee for them,
It is admirable to heare,
As our antiquities can cleare:
And as they were, so shall wee bee,
Yours in superlatiue degree. 3 OC62

FINIS

